



WEIRD TALES OF HORROR!

MONSTERS ATTACK!

#1

\$1.49

SEPT
89



MONSTER ATTACK!



FIRST FEARFUL ISSUE!

SEPTEMBER 1989

MONSTERS ATTACK!

**MORT
TODD**
editor

**CLIFF
MOTT**
art director

**R.D.
CROSBY**
asst. editor

mal contents

SEX VAMPIRES FROM OUTER SPACE

Sex, death and rock 'n' roll! How uniquely American!
Story by OLIVO VINCENT and art by GRAY MORROW..... page 5

A MONSTER FOR ALL SEASONS

Diamonds are a girl's, dog is man's, but what can a lonely old wizard call a best friend? Written and drawn by PAT BOYETTE..... page 14

RETURN OF THE GOLEM

A monster of clay, brought to life with a lust for revenge
against the murderous Nazis!
Story by MORT TODD with art by JOHN SEVERIN..... page 21

FRANKENSTEIN: 1990

In his city cellar lab, a demented surgeon animates a dead husk of a body
with the stolen brain of a man who wants his original body back!
Story by JON LORING and illustrated by RICK ALTERGOTT..... page 30

IN SOLID

Due to criminal intervention on his scientific project,
Professor Maey is transformed into a living...what?!

Story and art by STEVE DITKO..... page 37

WEIRDBEARD

In the desolate frozen tundra, no one can hear you scream...
except Weirdbear! Written and drawn by MADMAN..... page 43

VIDEO REVIEWS

A look at George Romero's
"Living Dead" trilogy... page 11

The BONEYARD

page 4

PIN-UPS

Pirate's Plunder, page 36

The Werewolf, page 52

MONSTERS ATTACK! Published six times a year by Globe Communications Corp., 441 Lexington Avenue, Suite 505, New York, NY 10017. Story and art ©1989 their respective creators, everything else copyright 1989 Globe Communications. Names, places, monsters and institutions depicted in this magazine are fictitious and any similarity to anything real is a coincidence. Write to us at **MONSTERS ATTACK!** 535 Fifth Ave., NY, NY 10017. Thanks for buying this issue! Printed in the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA!



THE BONEYARD!

Welcome to the first issue of **MONSTERS ATTACK!** And this page is the **BONEYARD!** In the future, this will be a forum for your letters of comment, ideas, photos and drawings. Since this is our premier edition, we don't have any letters yet! We hope you get as much of a kick out of this magazine as we had producing it! **MONSTERS ATTACK!** is extremely fortunate to have many legendary creators contributing to it. Our magazine format is inspired by the old Warren line of horror mags (like **CREEPY**, **FAMOUS MONSTERS** and **VAMPIRELLA**) and we're also using a lot of the same fantastic illustrators as well as introducing a new generation of artists.

The direction of the magazine is up to reader response. Do you want to see more articles like our video review of the "Living Dead" movies? Do you want more graphic or gory stories? More illustrated stories like **FRANKENSTEIN: 1990?** Are there any particular monsters you want to see from film or literature? Please tell us 'cause we're DYING to know!

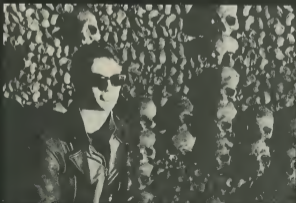
We have a lot of frightening thrills in store for future issues. A striking **FREDDY KRUEGER** cover spotlights a video review of the **NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET** films (just in time for **NIGHTMARE V**), and article on the **FAMOUS MONSTER** art of **BA5IL GOGOS**, a piece on the late **NORMAN SAUNDERS** (artist of the **MARS ATTACKS** bubble gum cards among other things), a sampling of monster videos for under \$10 and many more monsterific tales told by today's top terror-tellers! If **JOHN SEVERIN**, **STEVE DITKO**, **GRAY MORROW** and **PAT BOYETTE** aren't enough for you, the next couple issues will include the work of **EDGAR ALLEN POE**, **ALEX TOTH**, **BHOB STEWART**, **DANIEL CLOWES**, **WALTER BROGAN** and other nuts!

Meanwhile, sit back and get ready for some horrifying entertainment! When you're through, drop us a line at **MONSTERS ATTACK!** 535 Fifth Avenue, 2nd Floor, New York, NY 10017. Or you can FAX us at (212) 286-0960. We look forward to hearing from you! Our next issue'll be on sale in late July, so reserve your copy now, monster fans and thanks for picking up this one!

Beast Wishes,

MORT

MORT TODD
Editor



Editor **MORT TODD** at the **MONSTER ATTACKS BONEYARD**.
Won't you join him?

GET YOUR NEXT **MONSTERS ATTACK!** AT HOME!

Get a whole year's worth of **MONSTERS** for just \$1.40 an issue! Gosh, save a whole \$44 a year from the newsstand and we also mail it to you! Wow, whatta bargain. 6 issues, crammed with tales of terror, monsters and horror for only \$8.40 (foreign, inc. Canada: \$11.40). Don't miss a single issue...**SUBSCRIBE NOW!** (You can use a copy of the coupon if you don't want to cut this magazine)

mail to: 9/89

MONSTER ATTACK SUBS
535 Fifth Avenue
New York, NY 10017

Enclosed is a check or money order
for six issues of **MONSTERS
ATTACK!** Total \$8.40 (foreign,
including Canada: \$11.40).

Name _____
Address _____
Town _____
State _____ Zip _____
Age _____ Blood Type _____

Outside US, inc. Canada, please
enclose amount payable in US funds
by International Money Order or check
drawn from USA bank. Thanks!

THE SEX VAMPIRES FROM OUTER SPACE



GARY M. FREED

APRIL

1 WEEK

GRUBB CLUB

1157th and 6MYTHE ST.

THE COBRAS

FUC

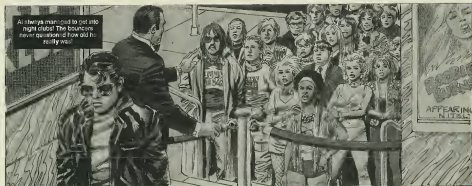
MARTIN
AND
NANNY

ORANGE

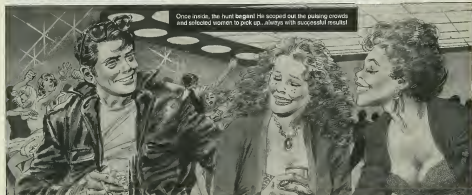
6475

The world-weary appearance of Al Kaul betrays his teen-aged body. Like many teens, Al enjoyed rock & roll. But unlike many teens, Al got to go rock club hopping in his, the way his male activity and he pleased on catching this new group, the Sex Vampires from Outer Space!

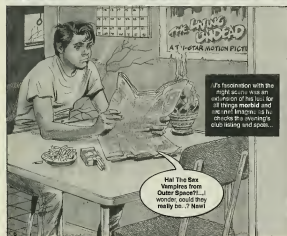




Always managed to get into night clubs! The bouncers never questioned how old he really was!

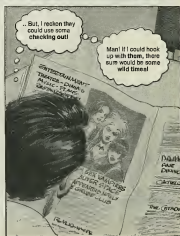


Once inside, the hunt began! He scooped out the pulsing crowds and selected women to pick up...always with successful results!



His fascination with the night scene was an extension of his lust for all things morbid and macabre! Inspired, as he, drinks the evening's club listing and spots...

Hi! The Sex Vampires from Outer Space?!... wonder, could they really be...? Now!



...But, I reckon they could use some checking out!

Man! If I could hook up with them, there sure would be some wild times!



Unleash argie's.
Hemolytic
sargie's...

Hard to find
argies
in this city of
the Dead

That night, Al crashes the Grub Club for the Sex Vampires' first gig in their tour of his city. Al was enraptured by the pesty arena's speedster scenery!



Ow! Their gals
are fantastic!
Whew look!
What talent!

That perfect kid!
Those eyes!
Those teeth!
...Are they truly
undead?



Al's breath came quicker as his brain
calculated!

They'll be in town
a couple more
days. It's
them again...and
meet up with
them!



Police have
no suspect or
suspects in the
sex
murder
and deny reports of
blood-drinker
victims!

Our
report from
the lower
east side...

What
is...



Well, this
makes the
third murder
tonight! That's
all I can say!

What's the
official word on
the rumors of
bloodsuckers?

Yeah,
Yeah!
What is
it?



You gotta be
kidding!

Yeah,
Yeah!
I don't think the
murderers are, say,
Sex Vampires from
Out There?

C'mon! Quit
wasting my time!



Oh, ho! That's the
beauty of it.
They're so
bleen, they're
beyond
suspicion!

Hmm.
I've got to
wonder! I'm not
nervous or anything!
Like, I know they're
probably not from
outer space, but
could they actually
be vampires!



This topic is still burning in the obsessed AI's mind the following evening as he can't resist a connection near a popular night spot...

All right! Back off! Nothing to see here.

The heck those isn't! Don't you have eyes, officer?



Those girls have been horribly slaughtered by an untiring disease. Vampirism!

Stupid old hag...She's right! It's obvious! ...I wonder if the Sex Vampires are club hopping tonight?

C'mon, c'mon! Break it up, people!



The Vampire Murder case has the media dubbed them) set the city aflame, and a vast crowd backs to the Sex Vampire's next gig!

Look at all these cattle herding in, hoping to see a public execution!

Hey! It'd be great if this was all a big play by the band! They've attracted the hordes to their own slaughter!



...to trap a club full of geeks and then have a feed fest! What a concept!

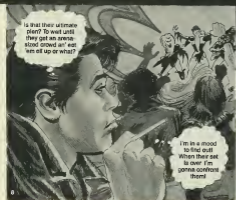
AHEEE!

NO!
NO!!

RUN!
RUN!!

The exits are LOCKED!

HELP! I'm being TRAMPLED!
Ooooh!



Is that their ultimate plan? To wait until they get an arena-sized crowd and eat 'em all up or what?

I'm in a mood to find out! When their set is over, I'm gonna confront them!



And when the SV from OS leave the stage...

Where did those gals go? The Sex Vampires! Where?

Hey! Quit yer shovin'!

I dunno! They had a stretch limo waitin' outside!

METAL MANIA

Damnation! I missed
him and tomorrow's
their last night in
town!

I've got to go to
them before
they leave! I
m'is well go
and hit another
club.

Yet another savage
attack that evening
further unsettled an
already disturbed
population.

Medical workers begin to
refuse to handle the victims.
Fear of the unknown was
affecting some people.

While others looked to buy Six
Vamps records, L.P.s, C.D.s, T-
shirts and more as the city went
yomp-happy! On the night of this
latest, Sunday-morning-only
show of the Six Vamps...

All the
people here
have some
sort of weird
death wish!

They love to
destroy
themselves,
wasting money
on opi, liquor
and drugs.

And they've crammed
into here, just dyin' to
see a massacre with
some possible flesh-
eating blood drinkers!

BACKSTAGE

I can't afford to
miss them this
time! I'll go see
them backstage.

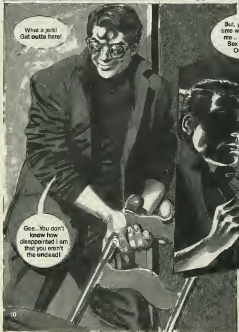
Hey!
Where
d'ye think
yer gon'?

Back
there...

The hell you
are, punk!

I don't have time
for you now,
creep!

As Al enters the
dressing room area,
he felt a dead chill.
What if his theories
were true? What
would their reaction
be to Al? He'd really
enjoy meeting such
lovely specimens of
the undead!



GEORGE ROMERO'S DEAD

An Analogy of
Terror in "The
Living Dead"
Trilogy by Evan
Michelson, Charles
Victor, and Johnny
Zhivago

FLOWER CHILDREN OF THE APOCALYPSE!

"When Hell
is full,
The dead
will walk
the
Earth!"



Judgement Day has come...the final corruption has come to pass. What happens when humanity can sink no lower? We are resurrected in a final orgy of self-inflicted violence and destruction. What happens when we must confront our corruption made flesh? How can we face a future populated with the rotting children of humanities sordid legacy?



Duane Jones fights the unliving in the original
NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD.

NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD

George Romero's phenomenal trilogy of "Living Dead" films (*Night of the Living Dead*, *Dawn of the Dead* and *Day of the Dead*) are the definitive American zombie films, and if you haven't been subjected to these masterworks of the gore genre, consider yourself deprived. Unlike your run-of-the-mill slice 'em, dice 'em schlock movies, Romero, as writer and director, presents the viewer with a thoroughly entertaining shock film along with a clever, cynical look at the breakup of a society on the brink of destruction. When all three parts are watched in succession, it's easier to understand the whole concept.

These movies are about the destruction of humanity. From the first film to the last, we see the fall of society and the rise of our mutant offspring...the living dead! The loss of Johnny and Barbara (portrayed by the film's co-producer Russ Streiner and actress Judith O'Dea)'s car radio at

the beginning of *Night of the Living Dead* is the first sign of the breakdown of mass communication; a symbol of the downfall of society that Romero will use through all the films. As *Night* progresses, we are driven to feel for the human victims who create their own microcosm, separated from the outside world by a sea of animated corpses! Even the thought of imminent destruction is not enough to hold this diverse group together. Little by little, their make-shift reality is forced to depend on itself and fails the test of survival, finally degenerating to the point of killing its own members. The course of events is a small representation of humanity's inability to save itself in a world where the dead feed on the flesh of the living. The death of the hero (played by the late Duane Jones) at the end of *Night of the Living Dead* foreshadows the dark and heartless future for "survivors."



As the second chapter unfolds, the collapse of the media becomes more apparent. The film opens with a

television studio in chaos as the crew begins to realize that the media has become obsolete! Television can no longer compete with the horror of reality in the world of the damned! All rules of behavior have degenerated as humanity turns upon itself in the crisis. Killer cops run rampant through the halls of a housing project, desecrating the dead that were formerly respected by their voodoo-practicing relatives. As the horror mounts, a rookie S.W.A.T. member blows his brains out when he realizes that there is no future for the living. *Dawn of the Dead* is one of the first examples of violent gore effects (FX) that set this film apart from its predecessor. The following parade of skull-splattering, eye-dripping, super-graphic head wounds was a milestone in American gore FX in the seventies. Tom Savini, reigning king of gore at the time, set the standard in the genre with this film and still continues his reign as we enter the nineties. Savini also makes an appearance as one of the head-bashing bikers.

This film further develops the agony of the undead and the futility of the living. The extended mall scenes are a cynical stab at mindless consumers; the walking corpses wandering aimlessly through the mall in a grotesque parody of their former selves. Driven by an unquenchable hunger for living flesh, the apocalyptic march of the dead takes on even more epic proportions as the film begins to mold the zombie into a character rather than a threat. Sympathy for the human characters fade as the inadequacies of the living become more and more apparent and unavoidable. Again, humans can't find the strength and wisdom to overcome their petty prejudices and establish a functioning society. In an attempt to create a stable living situation, the people take control of a shopping mall only to realize that their media-created ideas of paradise means nothing in the new world of putrefying, ex-suburbanites!

By the end of *Dawn of the Dead*, it becomes increasingly obvious that the humans are quickly becoming their own worst enemy! Unlike the dead, the living are preying on themselves and becoming more ruthless and murderous than the zombies themselves. In the television's final message we see a crazed intellectual

calling for the feeding of the dead as their only means of survival. The zombies' war against humanity is quickly turning into humanity's struggle against itself as our dark, violent side is finally unleashed!

DAY OF THE DEAD

In the third film, *Day of the Dead*, the zombies are further victimized by being kept captive, left to wander the empty caverns of an underground military complex. They are viciously rounded up for twisted experiments; their heads are severed from their bodies and their still-functioning brains are probed. All this in an attempt to prepare them for use in a human society that no longer exists. The chief medical scientist (played by Richard Liberty), nicknamed "Frankenstein", keeps a pet zombie named Bub (Howard Sherman) chained to the wall. For the first time in the trilogy, we see one of the undead as a creature with character and emotion. Bub has a childlike relationship with the misguided doctor, who helps Bub to remember his half-forgotten former life by teaching him to talk and reintroducing him to music. Bub becomes the doctor's prize pupil and the relationship is reinforced by rewarding Bub with the flesh from the doctor's freshly-killed comrades. Bub's helplessness and his inability to understand his zombie existence makes him (it?) a pitiful victim of human cruelty.



The familiar shopping mall becomes a battlefield for the living vs. the dead in DAWN.

Most of the human survivors are cruel, prejudiced, heartless, warlike drones, their penchant for violence fed by their increasing lack of hope. Captain Rhodes (Joseph Pilato), the commander of the base, shows a total disregard for human life by threatening to execute any opposition to his martial rule. The only woman on the base (Lori Cardille) is constantly falling prey to the demoralizing sexual advances of the muscle-headed soldiers. Her weak boyfriend (Antone DiLeo) is also the object of ridicule by the new breed of vigilante survivors and is pushed to the point of total collapse. The final breakdown of cooperation among the living occurs when those who have a conscience reject the barbarity of their peers and want their own world free from self-annihilation.

With this film, George Romero uses a heavily-stylized technique of storytelling, utilizing an exaggeration of stereotypes. The dialogue and cinematography look and sound like something out of a horror comic, but the ultra-graphic carnage is a disturbing reminder of the end of humanity. The FX by Savini in this film are unprecedented and build into a mind-numbing gore festival. From a zombie rising from an operating table

and spilling his entrails to the floor, to a brain grinding power drill to an undead feeding frenzy yet to be surpassed, Tom Savini has once again proved himself the master of gore. It is hard to imagine that gore FX will get much better than this!

The evolution of the walking dead, from mindless killer to sympathetic character, has been clearly portrayed in this trilogy. In the first film, the dead are obscured by shadow and are presented as an abstract and unfamiliar threat. By the second film, we recognize them as ourselves and we begin to understand that they are not the cause, but the effect of a self-destructive society. In the third film, this theme is most clearly shown when "Dr. Frankenstein" says, "They are us...just functioning less perfectly!" The undead have become our horrifying offspring, the inheritors of our corrupted earth.

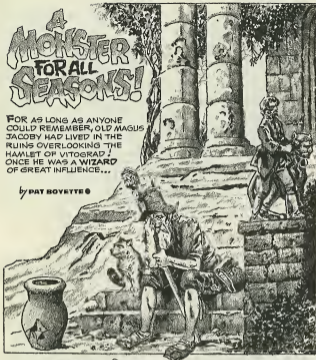
VIDEO BIBLIOGRAPHY: *Night of the Living Dead* (1968) 96 min. B & W. This title is in public domain and is issued by several video companies from \$3.95 up. *Dawn of the Dead* (1979) 126 min. Color. Thorn EMI Home Video \$19.95. *Day of the Dead* (1985) 102 min. Color. Media Home Entertainment \$9.95.

Special MONSTER ATTACKS Scoop: 21st Century Film Corporation has just announced production on a remake of *Night of the Living Dead* to be exec-produced and written by George Romero. Master special effects guru Tom Savini is to direct! Shooting begins this fall for a potential summer 1990 release!

A MONSTER FOR ALL SEASONS!

FOR AS LONG AS ANYONE COULD REMEMBER, OLD MAGUS JACOBY HAD LIVED IN THE RUINS OVERLOOKING THE HAMLET OF VITOGRAD! ONCE HE WAS A WIZARD OF GREAT INFLUENCE...

by PAT BOYETTE



NOW, HE WAS ALONE AND NEGLECTED! THE QUALITY OF HIS PRESTIDIGIATION HAD ATROPHIED WITH AGE! HE HAD BECOME AN OBJECT TO TAUNT AND TO RIDICULE...

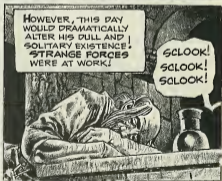
JACOBY'S A CRAZY!
JACOBY'S A CRAZY!



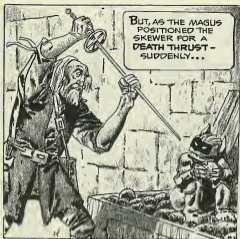
BUT, ON RARE OCCASIONS, HIS FALTERING MEMORY WOULD TOLERATE A RETURN OF SIMPLE SKILLS - MUCH TO HIS OWN EXUBERANT NOSTALGIA AND TO SOME CHILD'S WILD DELIGHT!



HOWEVER, THIS DAY WOULD DRAMATICALLY ALTER HIS DULL AND SOLITARY EXISTENCE! STRANGE FORCES WERE AT WORK!







BUT, AS THE MAGUS
POSITIONED THE
SKEWER FOR A
DEATH THRUST -
SUDDENLY...



...THE CREATURE
LEAPED FROM THE
BIN - SLAPPED A
POTATO IN HIS
HAND AND HEADED
FOR THE FIREPLACE -



...WHERE HE
CURLD UP AND
WENT TO SLEEP.



WHAT WAS THE THING? HAD THE
MAGUS, IN A FORGOTTEN INCANTATION
CALLED UP THE BIZARRE CREATURE?

I CAN FIND -
NOTHING. I DON'T
KNOW WHAT IT IS -
BUT IT DOESN'T
SEEM HOSTILE!



ALSO, THE MAGUS WAS
CERTAIN THE BEING'S
EYES REFLECTED AN
INTELLIGENCE!

WINTER'S
HERE!

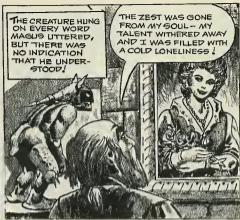


TO A LONELY OLD MAN - THE
CREATURE WAS SPIRIT
SENT TO SHORTEN THE LONG,
GREY DAYS OF WINTER!

OH, YES - I WAS A
VERY PROMINENT
MAGICIAN -- A DARLING
OF THE ARISTOCRACY!
THOSE WERE GOLDEN
DAYS!



MY WIFE WAS MY ASSISTANT AND MY LIFE! WHEN SHE DIED--I DIED!



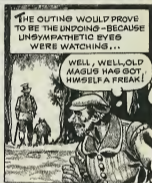
THE CREATURE HUNG ON EVERY WORD MAGUS UTTERED, BUT THERE WAS NO INDICATION THAT HE UNDERSTOOD!

THE ZEST WAS GONE FROM MY SOUL-- MY TALENT WITHERED AWAY AND I WAS FILLED WITH A COLD LONELINESS!



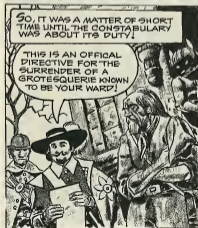
SOMEHOW THE CREATURE SEEMED TO SENSE THE SOLEMNNESS OF THE ONE OCCASION WHEN HE ACCOMPANIED THE MAGUS ON A VISIT TO HIS WIFE'S GRAVE...

YES, MY LOVE-I NOW HAVE A FRIEND TO HELP BALM THE PAIN OF THESE DAYS I MUST ENDURE WITHOUT YOU!



THE OUTING WOULD PROVE TO BE THE UNDOING--BECAUSE UNSYMPATHETIC EYES WERE WATCHING...

WELL, WELL, OLD MAGUS HAS GOT HIMSELF A FREAK!



SO, IT WAS A MATTER OF SHORT TIME UNTIL THE CONSTABULARY WAS ABOUT ITS DUTY!

THIS IS AN OFFICIAL DIRECTIVE FOR THE SURRENDER OF A GROTESQUERIE KNOWN TO BE YOUR WARD!



PROTEST WAS FUTILE--SO THE OLD MAN COULD ONLY WAVE A FAREWELL TO HIS FRIEND...



AND THAT COLD, EMPTY FEELING RETURNED TO EMBRACE THE MAGUS!

THE CREATURE WAS PLACED UNDER THE CUSTODY OF COUNT FRANZ BENAZ—AND BECAME AN IMMEDIATE FAVORITE OF AN ENTERTAINMENT STARVED ELITE!

MARVELOUS!

SCLOOK!

A PRIZE!

BUT, AS IT GOES WITH THOSE PRONE TO CORRUPTION, AMUSEMENT GREW MORE AND MORE PERVERSE...

HE'LL EAT ANYTHING!

QUICKLY—GET A SPIDER!

MAGUS ONCE GLIMPSED THE CREATURE HIDING AMONG THE GARGOYLES THAT ADORNED THE COUNT'S CHATEAU! HE WAVED FRANTICALLY BUT THERE WAS NO RESPONSE...

MAGUS FEARED FOR THE LITTLE BEING—AND FOR GOOD REASON—THE COUNT WAS NOT KNOWN FOR HIS STABLE TEMPERAMENT! SO—IT WAS INEVITABLE THAT....

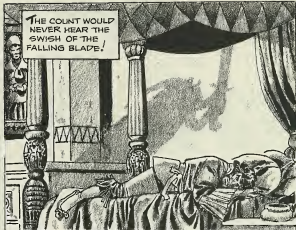
OUT OF MY WAY...

...YOU UGLY MONSTER!

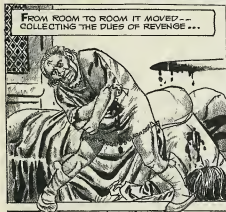
THE THING HAD NEVER KNOWN ANGER OR FELT THE PAIN OF VIOLENCE! IN FEAR AND CONFUSION—HE RETREATED TO THE SHADOWS OF THE RAFTERS!

AS THE LAMPS WERE DIMMED
AND THE CHATEAU NODDED
INTO A DEEP SLUMBER--A DARK
BREEZE OF DEATH PASSED
SILENTLY THROUGH THE HALLS...

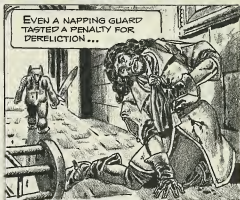
THE COUNT WOULD
NEVER HEAR THE
SWISH OF THE
FALLING BLADE!



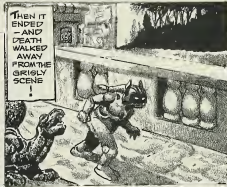
FROM ROOM TO ROOM IT MOVED --
COLLECTING THE DUES OF REVENGE ...



EVEN A NAPPING GUARD
TASTED A PENALTY FOR
DERELICTION ...



THEN IT
ENDED
--AND
DEATH
WALKED
AWAY
FROM THE
GRISLY
SCENE !





BY DAWN -
WORD OF THE
MURDERS
HAD SPREAD
ACROSS THE
VALLEY...

AND IT WAS YOUR MONSTER WHAT
DONE IT, MAGUS! BUT, WE'LL HAVE
HIS HEAD BEFORE SUNSET!



HOWEVER -
MAGUS WAS
TO SEE HIS
BIZARRE
FRIEND ONE
LAST TIME!

IT'S HIM! HE'S
RETURNED!

HELLO

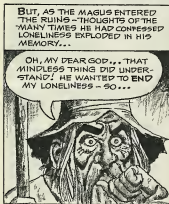


BUT - HE
QUICKLY
TURNED
AND RAN
FROM THE
SCENE -
NEVER TO
BE SEEN
AGAIN!

WAIT



GONE - BUT HE DID REMEMBER ME!
MY FRIENDSHIP DID REACH HIM! HE
CAME BACK TO SEEK MY PROTECTION -
NO - IF THAT WERE TRUE - WHY WOULD
HE RUN AWAY?



OH, MY DEAR GOD... THAT
MINDLESS THING DID UNDER-
STAND! HE WANTED TO END
MY LONELINESS - SO...



... HE'S DUG
UP MY WIFE.

THUS THE
MAGUS WAS
NOT TO BE
LONELY
AGAIN - -
NIGHTMARES
BECAME HIS
CONSTANT
COMPANION.

END

It is November 8, 1938 in Todthausen, a tiny burg in Nazi Germany...

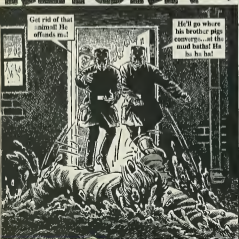
A dark night of destruction that will later be called Kristeinacht has begun!



Shops, homes, schools and synagogues are systematically pillaged, looted and raped in a State sponsored campaign of nationwide terrorism against the Jewish people.

And, in a small, insignificant artist's studio, events are set into action that will result in this...

RETURN of the GOLEM!





Abraham Loew...
Is that you?

Who? Why, Rabbi Loew!
You must go! The Nazis are
ransacking my studio...
Smashing everything!

So it is all over
the town, my
son! Quickly!
Come with me!



Herr Kemp is
offering a few of
us sanctuary in
his back room on
Liebstrasse!

Loew, did you
not study to
become a
Rabbi like your
forefathers?

What have our
people done to
deserve such
persecution?

After the
Nazis came to
power I
asked, what
kind of God
would allow
this? I would
rather create
art!



There is a reason for
everything! Your elder,
Rabbi Judah Loew,
would tell you that!



Judah Loew! As a
child I had heard so
many tales of my
ancestors! Such
fantastic stories!

All true! Now, here
we are! Tillie, get
some water to clean
Abraham Loew!



Rabbi Judah
ben Bezalel, the
Maharal of
Prague!

...A 16th
century
Kabbalist
steeped in the
mystic sciences!

I thought of him
for a brief instant
when I saw the
inspired of my
angry face in the
mud! Of him...
and his creation,
the Golem!



"Jews were persecuted, then
as now, but by an Emperor
rather than a Fuhrer!"

"A Decree Against Jews
was issued and many
would have died if not
for Rabbi Loew's
Golem!"

"With arcane secrets
revealed to him, he
animated the lifeless figure
he crafted!"



"The monster rampaged
across Prague, vanquishing
the oppressors... and the
innocent, indiscriminately!"

"A creature of clay cannot
comprehend the difference
between right and wrong! If not
for Rabbi Loew's influence, the
Golem would've continued his
parade of death!"

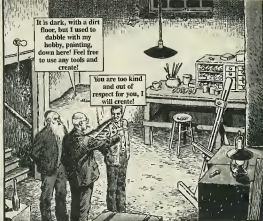
Abraham, I do not know how long we will be safe here, but for what it is worth, Herr Kemp has offered you the use of his basement!

Apparently, we are not safe anywhere at any time! I humbly accept your offer, Herr Kemp as my studio is probably ashes by now!



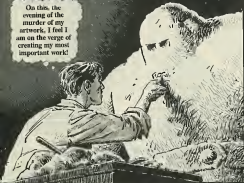
It is dark, with a dirt floor, but I used to dabble with my hobby, painting, down here! Feel free to use any tools and create!

You are too kind and out of respect for you, I will create!



Inspired by the night's terrors, Abraham Loew works feverishly in the dim light, sculpting and molding the clay and dirt dug from the ground by his bare hands!

On this, the evening of the murder of my artwork, I feel I am on the verge of creating my most important work!



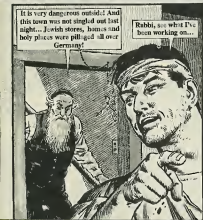
I dedicate this to the millions that have suffered unjustly! I wish...

Abraham?



It is very dangerous outside! And this town was not singled out last night... Jewish stores, homes and holy places were pillaged all over Germany!

Rabbi, see what I've been working on...

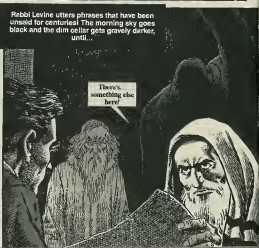
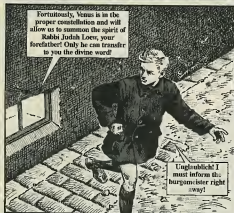


A GOLEM!

Why, it is, isn't it!

My son! Your gift of art has answered the call of your bloodline! Do you realize you... you could...

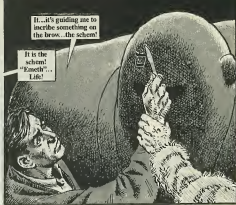






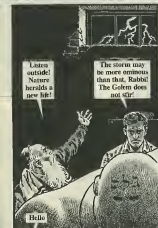
It is Rabbi Loew's spirit!

A force is moving my arm!



It...it's guiding me to inscribe something on the brow...the schem!

It is the schem!
"K'meth"...
Life!



Listen outside!
Nature heralds a new life!

The storm may be more ominous than that, Rabbi! The Golem does not stir!

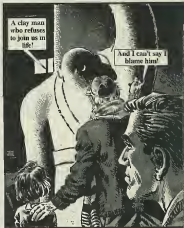
Hello



Little one! This is no place for you!

The lightning scared me!

Who's that?



A clay man who refuses to join us in life!

And I can't say I blame him!



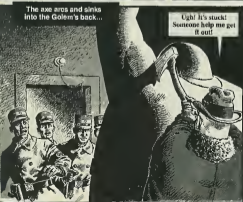
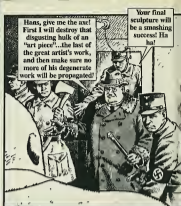
I like him! A flower, Herr Clay Man?

To find such innocence amidst all this horror is heartening, eh Abraham?



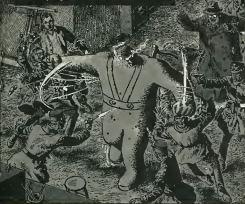
I swear my collar is empty, Herr Groat!

Liar! Don't worry Kamp, you won't go to the work camp...Man?

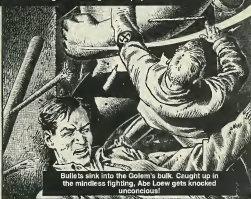


With a violent jolt, the lifeless thing springs into action and attacks!

Shoot, idiots, shoot!



In its blind undashed fury, its massive flat disk... smashing and crushing without prejudice!

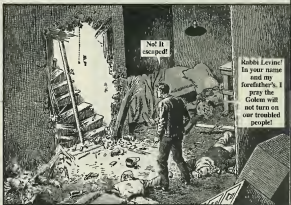


Bullets sink into the Golem's bulk. Caught up in the mindless fighting, Abe Loew gets knocked unconscious!

After a short, painful trip through his tortured subconscious, Loew wakes against the cold, muddy cellar floor.



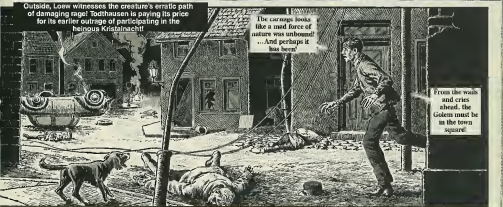
Oooh... Was it a mad dream I had or...?



No! It escaped!

Robert Levine! In your name and my forefather's, I pray the Golem will not turn on our troubled people!

Outside, Loew witnesses the creature's erratic path of damaging rage! Todthausen is paying its price for its earlier outrage of participating in the heinous Kristalnacht!



The carriage looks like a mad force of nature was unbound! ...And perhaps it has been!

From the walls and cries ahead, the Golem must be in the town square!

There is no killing, maiming and obliterating with the precision of a machine!

It's heading toward the Burgomaster's estate! The coward must have run there!

And inside the Burgomaster's study...

I tell you I must speak to the Führer!

I don't care if he is consulting with his astrologer!

It concerns a matter of major significance to the Reich!

Aaaaa! The spectre of Death itself is here to claim me!

The Golem drags Burgomaster Groz out to the town square for all left alive to see...

Aaagh! You're choking me!

If you're going to kill me, get it done with you inhuman thing!

Just then, little Rachel appears from behind some rubble...

Herr Clay Man! Stop! Don't hurt anyone any more!

Rachel! Get away! Run!

The monster, still tightening its grip on Herr Groz, looks in the direction of the tiny voice...

Lashing like a doomed wolf in a trap, Groz hurls at the Golem as it approaches the small girl...

No! Will the thing strike her?!

In his desperation, Gress claws at the Golem and smears the first symbol on its clay brow...



...Changing the magic word of smyth, "truth" ...



...Into meth, 'death'!



The Golem melted into the heap it was formed from! Its mass enveloped and suffocated the Burgomeister!



The last vestige of Loew's Golem settles near Rachel and the monster's light fist uncurls, revealing...



The flower I gave him!

The menace of the Golem was gone. None of the blameless were hurt.



But the menace of the Nazis was growing and spreading like a pestilence!



The worst was still to come, the world was about to go to war! Even though the actions of the Golem were uncertain...

...Loew was certain he would summon the Golem again if he was driven to it...



...Despite the consequences!

A TORTURED BRAIN... TRAPPED IN A BODY IT WASN'T BORN IN!

"This town is bleeding me dry!" thought Smith. An IV tube, sure enough was draining the life sap out of him. Times were tough for Ben Smith. He had moved to New York a few years ago, after college graduation, with high hopes and job offers. Nothing panned out. Writing was his bag... at first. After endless rejections, he started doing anything to make some cash. He lost his flat and then began imposing on friends' places, until he became one of the many thousands of the city's homeless. At the moment, he was selling blood to a seedy lower east side clinic to make a little scratch.



A Doctor LeFrak ran the clinic and he had been watching Ben Smith. Ben came often to make a little money, and by eavesdropping the doctor could tell Smith was a man of some knowledge. LeFrak had need of a keen mind. His own was just a little rancid itself. Anton LeFrak had a shady college career, being drummed out of every medical institute unfortunate enough to have accepted him. His career as a "doctor" had left a slimy path of dismembered corpses. When he wasn't performing surgery on underworld figures, he often operated a "health clinic" in an impoverished part of town to cover his dark experiments. As the nurse unhooked Smith from the IV, LeFrak silently loomed over the doomed donor.

FRANKENSTEIN

1990

CHAPTER 1:
RESURRECTION!

**A TORTURED
BRAIN...
TRAPPED IN
A BODY IT
WASN'T BORN IN!**

FRANKENST

**CHAPTER 1:
RESURRECTION!**

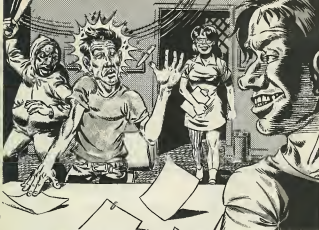


"This town is bleeding me dry!" thought Smith. An IV tube, sure enough was draining the life sap out of him. Times were tough for Ben Smith. He had moved to New York a few years ago, after college graduation, with high hopes and job offers. Nothing panned out. Writing was his bag... at first. After endless rejections, he started doing anything to make some cash. He lost his flat and then began imposing on friends' places, until he became one of the many thousands of the city's homeless. At the moment, he was selling blood to a seedy lower east side clinic to make a little scratch.



A Doctor LeFrak ran the clinic and he had been watching Ben Smith. Ben came often to make a little money, and by eavesdropping the doctor could tell Smith was a man of some knowledge. LeFrak had need of a keen mind. His own was just a little rancid itself. Anton LeFrak had a shady college career, being drummed out of every medical institute unfortunate enough to have accepted him. His career as a "doctor" had left a slimy path of dismembered corpses. When he wasn't performing surgery on underworld figures, he often operated a "health clinic" in an impoverished part of town to cover his dark experiments. As the nurse unhooked Smith from the IV, LeFrak silently loomed over the doomed donor.





If a cue, LeFrak asked, "Finished signing, Smith?"

From behind the door, an evil head peeked out. It was a twisted and cruel face that was connected to an even more twisted and cruel body. Quiet as a phantom, the figure, gnarled by torture and indifference to disease, inched towards the unsuspecting Smith. LeFrak watched his approach, commenting "My assistant will present you with your pay-off!"

With that, the dark figure clubbed Smith from behind with a blunt object. Smith let out a sigh and sank to the ground as LeFrak's eyes bulged in horror. Veins stood out on LeFrak's head as he scolded, "No! You fool!"

With surprising speed, LeFrak was by the body of the unconscious Smith. He picked Smith's head up from the ground and quickly examined it. A steady stream of Smith's crimson cash crop flowed freely. LeFrak looked at it with disgust.

He swung to the hunchback and bellowed, "Pembroke! If you've damaged his brain, I'll brain you! That's all I need from him to finish my project." He let the head drop to the floor and directed Pembroke to call Dr. Fix at the city morgue. "He's sure to be jealous of this specimen!"

Shortly, Dr. Fix arrived. He was a vile creature in the mold of LeFrak, only molder. It seemed like he had always been elderly, bald and cold. Fix, at least, was an accredited doctor of medicine before he let the dark

call of his art seduce him, ultimately falling in with a like student, Anton LeFrak. He and LeFrak had an informal rivalry to see who could reanimate dead tissue... or more to the point, a dead body, first! LeFrak thought he was much closer to success than Fix. Fix, of course, thought otherwise. His working at the city morgue was advantageous for both of them. There, they could get spare parts and Fix could also cover up suspicious deaths that would always crop up in their line of work.

"Donating more blood, Smith?" LeFrak asked rhetorically in a rattle like a hypodermic jab. In a depressed tone, Smith explained he needed money, as usual. "You know, you don't seem like most of the rummies that come here to trade plasma for booze!" added LeFrak.

"Nah, doc," explained Smith as he rubbed his arms, "Just down on my luck. I write things nobody wants to read!"

"Are you a college grad?"

Smith nodded affirmatively. After faking a moment of deep thought, LeFrak sprang towards Smith enthusiastically. "You just need a break! It's tough to get started. I know!" After reading Smith's reaction, he continued, "How would you like \$10,000 to get your act together?"

Smith, who had been in an oblivious daze, suddenly perked up and then slumped his shoulder. "Huh... What do I have to do? Sell my soul?"

"Ha! Not quite," lied LeFrak. "Just your body... when you're done with it!"

Smith's features twisted into anger and he said what was on his mind. "What in hell...?"

LeFrak smugly smiled and assuredly elaborated. "I'm talking about selling your body to science. You

get the money now and we get the body when you're done with it! Get it?" LeFrak put his hand on Smith's shoulder and guided him towards an office in the back.

In LeFrak's shabby office, Smith was offered a seat before the doctor's desk. LeFrak quickly produced many documents from his desk and pushed a pen on the young writer.

"I'm not so sure about this..." Smith admitted. "I may be destitute now, but I know someday I'm gonna make it big! I don't know if I'm that desperate for money!"

With the skill of a master fisherman, LeFrak reeled in his catch. "Tell you what. If you want... I'll give you the ten grand, but I won't file this contract," which LeFrak rustled to give weight to his pitch. "In the event you become rich and want to buy it back you can... for \$10,000. But, if you die before you can pay it back..." LeFrak tried not to smile, "you forfeit your body!"

"Sure," Smith concluded, "that would be like a loan! I know I could make it as a writer if I had a little grubstake like that! I'll do it!"

LeFrak produced a number of forms with minuscule print and tons of carbons. "Just sign here... here... here and here!" With extreme pride in himself, LeFrak watched Smith, the writer, write his life away. Silently, a side door behind Smith opened, unknown to him and almost as

LeFrak was looking over Smith's brain which was immersed in a green solution inside a beaker. He was busily hooking up wires to the prepared container as Fix examined the rest of Smith's brainless body.

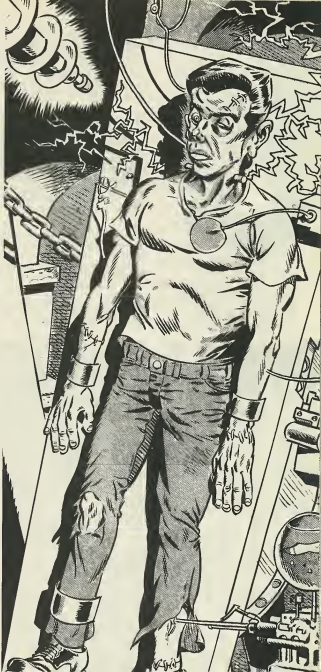
"Say, Anton," queried Fix, "Do you need all this extra material?" Fix dropped Smith's hand which landed with a smack on the table.

LeFrak held the beaker close to his face. The emerald liquid sloshed the brain about and highlighted his distorted face. "No. I've got what I need, my dear Dr. Fix! You may cart off what you want for your project. I'll get Pembroke to wrap it." LeFrak offered Fix the papers Smith had signed earlier and as a medical examiner, the elder doctor initialed them.

Once Fix was hurriedly escorted from LeFrak's clinic, Pembroke opened the secret wall door he had entered from. With amazing speed and strength, the bent figure scooped up the debrained corpse of Smith and entered the wall passage. LeFrak, clutching his prize, followed through to a rickety set of stairs which led to his cellar lab.

Typical of the "mad scientist" labs, glass tubes with weird fluids snaked around tables and odd equipment was strewn about. None of this was for show, however, as each device was an important element in LeFrak's attempt to re-create life.

Pembroke wrapped the corpse in sheets as LeFrak advanced to a like-covered body on an operating table. He pulled the sheet back to reveal a lifeless form; a patchwork man that was not born of woman... one woman anyways! The figure was composed of pieces from many corpses, crudely stitched together in a mockery of nature's intention. The doctor grabbed at a network of cords and wires and attached them to the creature. With the aid of Pembroke, machines were started which emitted a weird hum. Under the hairline of the dormant body was a hinge-like device which allowed LeFrak to open the head like a breadbox. Delicately the duo attached the brain to the makeshift nervous system of their product.





"What the Frankenstein of lore did only in fiction," yelled LeFrak to no one, "I will succeed at, in reality! The equipment is almost at peak level. Soon, it will produce a jolt of energy capable of jarring my amalgamation into motion!"

Several projectors were aimed at the thing and when the generator reached maximum output, LeFrak threw a switch which unleashed a fury of voltage. Thousands of volts of electricity and rays from a wide spectrum bombarded the dead creature which shook violently. The body started to smoke, hiss and crackle and almost caught a fire.

"Turn off the projectors!" howled LeFrak, "We'll burn him up!" Pembroke quickly killed the device, and the body lay still and unmoving. Cautiously, LeFrak approached the form. "Nothing! I've failed!"

In disgust, LeFrak turned away from the figure. Slowly, almost unwillingly, the lids of the sleeping

giant trembled. A pale yellow film over the eyes betrayed any sign of intelligence. The cloudiness of the orbs cleared as the lids winced... into an expression of anger!

Before he knew how or why, LeFrak had been smashed to the floor. The monster was up in a bolt, arms flailing in rage! He stood close to seven feet tall and his scarred face was mangled with hatred. Pembroke cowered as the dazed LeFrak looked up and hollered to him, "You moron! If this is your fault due to smashing the donor's head...!" His declaration, unfinished, hinted at the horror in store for Pembroke.

LeFrak rose to strike him but was grabbed by the neck from behind. The creature spun the doctor around as it increased its grip on him. The stranglehold was choking LeFrak who managed to summon up enough air to gasp, "Let go! Can you talk? Can you reason?"

The grim-faced thing stared blankly at him for a second and then a raspy

The buzz of the equipment raised to a climax as Pembroke raised the operating table. Sparks flew and lights flashed, highlighting the strange features of the creation.



rattle creaked from its throat. "Yes. I know... you killed me!" With that, the creature flung its creator against the wall, smashing him into a glass case of surgical instruments. LeFrak's body slumped to the floor along with a clatter of shattered glass and metal.

Bloodied and battered, the doctor swayed as he rose. "...I didn't kill you!" offered LeFrak. "No, not me... technically! But, you're back! In a bigger, better body!" With that, the monster's head sunk below its shoulders and it raised its hands in front of LeFrak's face. It had two scarred right hands grafted onto its uneven-lengthed arms. "Better body?" It uttered. With both hands balled into a fist, it swung towards LeFrak's head. If he hadn't ducked, the crater would've been in his forehead instead of the wall where the blow connected!

The thing swung around, baring its gnarly teeth as it sneered at Pembroke. "And you!" It snarled. The cowardly hunchback trembled as he pleaded, "No! Leave me

alone! I...I know where your body is!" This halted the advancing monster, its unmatched eyes glaring at the pathetic little worm. Quietly and swiftly, LeFrak took a glass beaker from a cabinet and moved towards the monster.

A piece of broken glass cracked under his foot, alerting the creature. As the monster spun, the doctor flung the beaker at it. The glass smashed against its head and the clear liquid splattered all over. In a second the liquid bubbled and seared the undead flesh, causing it to smoke and blister. It took a few heartbeats for the creature to react with a roar as it grabbed at its face.

The puzzled Pembroke looked at the doctor whose only comment was, "Acid!"

It was his last word as the monster lashed out blindly in a murderous rage. LeFrak's head hit the wall at an odd angle which was accompanied with a sick snap. LeFrak was dead.

Taking advantage of the monster's handicap, Pembroke raced up the cellar stairs and outside into the cold night air.

While smashing and crashing through scientific equipment, the creature followed the hunchback. Stumbling, it found its way to the stairs and headed towards the cellar doors. Pembroke had bolted them, but they couldn't hold back the thing's rage. With a snarl, it smashed against the doors, bursting them off the hinges and into the street to the surprise of the locals.

Outside on the lower East side city street, the creature's sight began to clear. It realized where it was. Its brain was disorientated by what should've been a familiar sight due to being in a different sized body... This just caused its anger to be increased, and its fists clenched as it calculated its revenge!

NEXT: VENGEANCE OF THE CREATURE!



MONSTERS ATTACK!



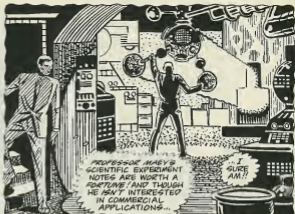
KEVIN KORN THOUGHT HE HAD
IT ALL FIGURED OUT. IF HE
PULLED OFF THIS JOB, HE
WOULD BE...

IN SOLID!

... LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING WENT WRONG!

OH NO!
HOW CAN I
ESCAPE HIM...
IT?











HE'S CERTAINLY DEAD,
WHOEVER HE IS!

B-BUT, HOW
COULD HE HAVE
GOTTEN STUCK
IN THE WALL
LIKE THAT?

PROFESSOR
MAEY MIGHT
KNOW... BUT HE'S
DISAPPEARED
COMPLETELY!

I WON'T BE
SURPRISED IF WE
NEVER LEARN WHAT
WENT ON HERE
TODAY.

SO, IT'S NOT EXACTLY THE WAY
KEVIN MEANT IT OR WANTED IT...
BUT HE'S CERTAINLY IN SOLID!

Northern Canada,
early winter...

Oh no!
It's him! He's
here! He's
found us!

Where?
I can't see
with this
wind!

Down! Down in
the ravine!

He did it!
He did it!

What's
that in his
back?

No! He's
found us!
We're dead!

He is your answer,
Mr. Bridgeman.

He is the one who did it all.

He is...

Who...
Who is
he?

WEIRDBEARD

He caused the fire at the loggers' quarters! He's the reason they're all dead! You and me now, too!

Get on the snowmobile, Wilson. He hasn't got us yet!

It'll take him three hours to get up from the ravine... By then we'll be long gone!

Gone?! Where is there to go?

The Mill!

The River Mill? It's locked! Been closed since the river froze! We can't get in!

When Bensol sent me here to check on the slowdown, I got keys to everything on the complex. I'd feel safer indoors and the Mill is closest!

It's still secure! I guess I thought he might beat us here! You almost spooked me with this Weirdbear stuff...

Just open the door! Can we lock it from the inside?!

Of course! That's what a door does!

I'm going to look for a CB and call for some help!

Keep a lookout for some weapons! We can use anything you find!

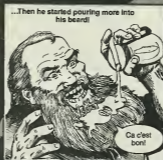
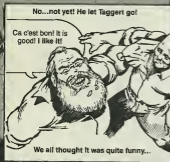
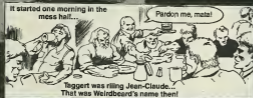
Weapons? I've been pretty upset since I got here and I'm in the dark! What's going on here?

What's going on here is that we have to kill him! Kill him!

Listen! If you want help in killing a man, you better tell me why! Without hysterics!

You're missing an important point, Mr. Bridgeman... I'm not asking you to kill a man! He isn't a man!

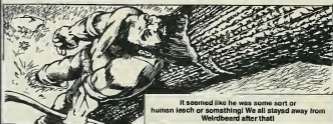
...Not anymore!



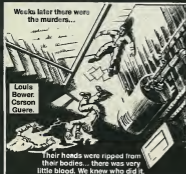


And Jean-Claude didn't stop with syrup!

Things got weirder from there! When he was cutting timber he'd make several gashes and stick his beard into the tree! It would start slurping up the sap!



It seemed like he was some sort of human leech or something! We all stayed away from Weirdbear after that!



Weeks later there were the murders...

Louie Bower,
Carson,
Guere.

Their heads were ripped from their bodies... there was very little blood. We knew who did it.

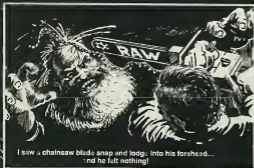


We locked him in the barracks while he slept. Then we torched it!



He didn't scream as he rinned through the flaming walls.

As the barracks burned, he killed whoever he could get his hands on!



I saw a chainsaw blade snap and lodge into his forehead... and he felt nothing!

...And now he's close.

Very close!





The snowmobile!

He's here!



...Right outside!

...Why's he starting the snowmobile?

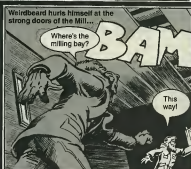
Oh! This is crazy!
He...he's



...eating it!

Weirdbeard turns, oil and gasoline dripping from his beard... His glazed eyes probe the dark Mill windows and lock with Bridgeman's!

Fresh quarry!
Ca c'est bon!



Weirdbeard hurls himself at the strong doors of the Mill...

Where's the milling bay?

This way!



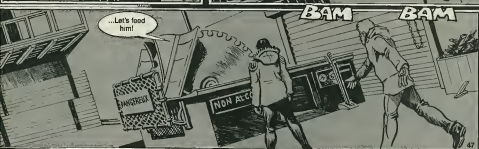
Do you see the fuse box?

Here it is!

What are we going to do?
He's eating machinery now!



If he's got an appetite for machinery...



...Let's food him!

BAM BAM

BAKAK!!



How do we start this?

Pull this lever back until the gauge needle comes out of the red. Then, push the lever back and the blade engages!



How long 'fore he finds us?



Not long.
Not long.

Everything burns! As long as he turns into ash I don't care if he can feel it!



What makes you think he won't get you first?

His beard is full of gas! He'll go up like a candle! Just in case, we have the blade! Go back to the lever, I hear him outside!

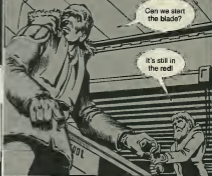
Weirdbeard breaches the last barricade and lumbers into the room. Bridgeman gathers his torch and his courage...and charges!

...All his energy is aimed on the gas saturated beard of the monster before him!

The door gave way! He's inside!

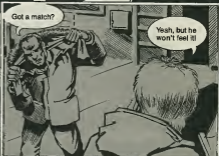
Can we start the blade?

It's still in the red!

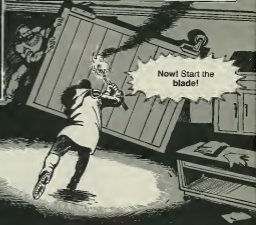


Got a match?

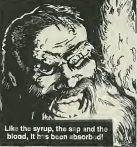
Yeah, but he won't feel it!



Now! Start the blade!



Alas, there was no gas left!



Like the syrup, the sap and the blood, it has been absorbed!

Helpless, Bridgeman is within the grasp of Weirdbear!



...Wilson's voice catches Weirdbear's attention.



Eying Wilson, Weirdbear flings the torch across the room...

...And repeats the motion with Bridgeman!

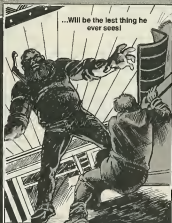


Outside, the wind is howling. Wilson can hear it.

He backs away, frantic with the knowledge that this...



...Will be the last thing he ever sees!



Jean-Claude, please! We were friends! Remember?



The hulking thing that was Jean-Claude looks at his old mate...and nods.

He nods and Wilson thinks he is safe...



Weirdbear keeps nodding as he closes in on Wilson...

His eyes roll back and his head bobs as he grabs Wilson tightly...



As he peers upward, Jean-Claude speaks...



Ca c'est...

BON!

Wilson
feels his eye
burn. Then
his mind reels
in horror at this
final thought...

...that he is no more than a meal...

No!

No!



...for the great tundra leech!

When winter comes full, it draws the
warmth, the lifeblood, from the soil.

And
lifeblood is
what it's all
about!



As sap is the lifeblood of trees, motor
fluids are the lifeblood of engines!

Blood is the fuel of all living things...
Even Weirdbeard!



When winter comes full to this land and
calls him to sleep, he answers!

He listens to Winter's
promises of greater changes and the
glory of Spring!

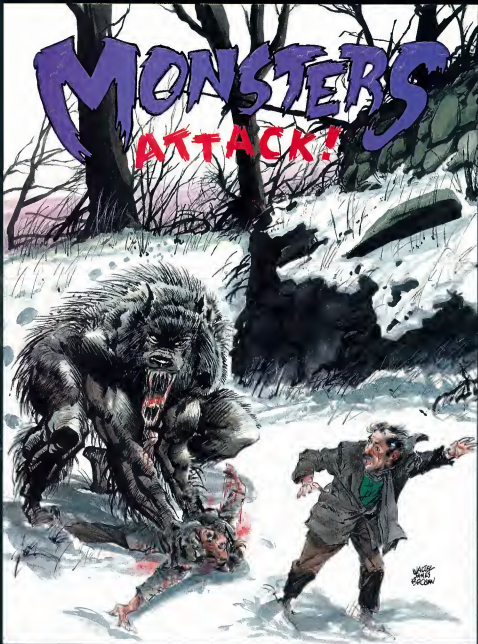


Tell Abrams he was
right...it was a first
...All dead! We'll have
to rebuild the main
compound. The Mill is
okay except for a
broken door!

...So don't worry! With some hard
work we could have a full team of men
working by spring!



MONSTERS ATTACK!



MONSTERS ATTACK!





Monsters Attack # 1 (1989)

Scanned cover to
cover from the original
by jodyanimator.

What you are reading
does not exist, except
as electronic data.

Support the writers,
artists, publishers and
booksellers so they can
provide you with more
entertainment.

Buy an original!